

Puck

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OUT OF THE SILVER FLOOD!



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Editor - - - - - H. C. Bunner.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

CONCERNING DEMOCRACY'S OPPORTUNITY.

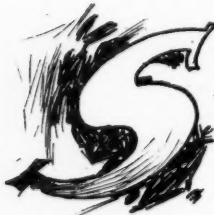
IT is high time that the Democratic majority in Congress gained a clear understanding of Democracy's peculiar position before the people. Democracy has been the under dog in the fight for so long that sudden victory places it temporarily at a disadvantage. Democracy has found it hard to realize, in the first place, that it really has a majority in each house of Congress; this simple truth should be impressed upon the party's mind at the earliest possible moment. The party should next strive for a fuller realization of the responsibility which supremacy imposes upon it. It must perfectly understand that it is no longer filling the rôle of a hypercritical minority that may gain praise by pointing out the iniquities of Republican domination. It is now in a position where it will be held strictly to account for everything of a calamitous nature, from the suspension of a bank to a cyclone. It must further see that, while it can not make party capital out of a compliance with the repeated and distinct demands of the people anent our finances, it must, nevertheless, bear the full measure of condemnation, should it refuse or hesitate unreasonably so to act. The strange sense of power that is beginning to thrill the party has had an intoxicating effect upon several of its more or less luminous lights. This is unfortunate, because party harmony at this grave juncture is all-important. In due time we shall expect the Blands, the Vests and the Hills to awake with aching heads to the old truths that no Democrat is bigger than his party, and that no section of the country is bigger than the whole. The popular branch of Congress, most nearly representing the people, did its work promptly, cleanly and thoroughly, leaving the Senate to dispel or nourish the apprehension that it has come to be a set of fossilized barnacles. That it must yield, eventually, to the demand of the people for the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law, is foregone. But the Democratic party must suffer for such continuance of the present conditions as it may please the Senate to insist upon. Democracy has a fine opportunity to show that it can withstand victory as well as defeat.

CONCERNING THE PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS.

There met at Chicago on Monday the representatives of upwards of one hundred distinct schools of religious thought. We think we may compare them without irreverence to a gathering of railway passenger-agents, each bent upon proving the superiority

of his own road. The Parliament is composed of the best religious thought of the world, each sect regarding the others as unsound. It is, therefore, a self-convicted body of heretics. As we understand the object of the gathering, there is to be no attempt to construct one cosmopolitan religion out of the hundred, but merely a competitive examination of the claims of each to be the true faith. The fact is thus thrust upon us that man makes God in his own image; and, however else He may be made, He is always a jealous God, since man is jealous. Such progress as religion has made since the days of barbarism, has been forced upon it by profane civilization. In the heresy trial of to-day there is the same uncompromising intolerance that made true Christians of the middle ages most religiously slaughter unbelievers. Such extreme measures are forbidden to-day by the State. Had religion been left unrestrained we may be sure there would still be pious murderers. Professor Swing would long since have been broiled to a turn; and there would be a terse reference to Dr. Briggs upon some headstone. We think we see one way in which the Parliament of Religions will have a salutary effect upon such of our own churches as are active in meddling with the religion of peoples they are pleased to style "heathen." For years they have been spending money and energy in propagating their own religion in lands that were already bountifully supplied with the article. We long since despaired of convincing our foreign missionary societies that they could work to better advantage at home. As simple as the proposition is, they could not be brought to see that it is not an especially glorious performance to make a Presbyterian or a Methodist out of a man who had been doing very well with some other faith. Now that this Parliament has brought among us the cultured representatives of Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Hindooism, Shintoism, Mohammedanism and other non-Christian faiths of the world, we may expect missionaries of at least a few of those faiths to establish footholds "in our midst." Indeed, we already have at work upon us an ardent disciple of Mohammedanism in the person of Mr. Mohammed Webb. Mr. M. Webb is backed by a powerful Indian Society for the propagation of the Koran. He claims to be able to demonstrate with ease the superiority of the cause of Islam over Christianity, and to be making converts right and left. We warn our religionists who are proselyting abroad to concentrate their forces at home, in order to combat these abominable heresies of foreign make; else, in a few years, they may find us all swearing by the beard of the Prophet, or uniting in fervent orisons to the ashes of doubtful saints. We call their attention especially to certain statesmen who are at present seeking to propagate heresies rank enough to shame the most zealous of Pagans. We further call their attention to that branch of journalism known as "the sensational press," of which we have lately had a most vicious exhibition. Have n't we had enough vain discussion about the true faith? Why should not religion concern itself directly with the morality of our species, instead of wearing itself out over trifles of form? Why not teach man to behave decently, since decency is recognized the world over, instead of trying to convince him that he is getting the only genuine religion out of a hundred? The suggestion is bold, but it is advanced in all sincerity. In wishing the Parliament of Religions well, we must express our regret, incidentally, that there should not be of it one to stand for the uncorrupted teachings of him who preached, without a creed, to the Galilean fishermen.

THE RULING PASSION.



HE stood before fair heaven's pearly gate,
Grim old Saint Peter's verdict to await;
But, when she'd gotten robe and diadem,
And had becomingly adjusted them,
Before she entered in — Oh, happy fate! —
She said, "Saint Peter, is my crown on straight?"

Minnie McIntyre.

BAGLEY.—I have decided not to attend the World's Fair, because they did n't hold it in New York.

BRACE.—I'm not going, because of the Sabbath desecration.

BOTH (*aside*).—Wonder if he suspects that I have n't the price?

PUCK'S WORLD'S FAIR SOUVENIR NUMBER

Contains reproductions of the choicest work that has appeared in PUCK, with brief description of PUCK's methods and progress. A splendid example of American humor, color-printing and typography. On sale at PUCK BUILDING, Jackson Park, Chicago, during the World's Fair; also by all news-dealers. 64 pages. Price, 50 cents.

NOTICE.

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A GRIEVOUS ERROR.

A. D. T. 796.—What yer runnin' fer?

A. D. T. 865 (*dropping a dime novel*).—Gee whizz! Wuz I runnin'? I guess it's 'cause I was readin' how Alkali Ike chased de Injun chief — an' I wuz t'inkin' I wuz Ike.



AN INSPIRATION.

ROSENBATT.— Help, help, Bloomberg! I vas oxxhausted! — I can't swim any more!

THE SUMMER COMEDY.

"HAVE you the back-drop of sea-waves securely arranged?" asked stage-manager Cupid.
 "Yes," replied Mammon, who was acting as property-man.
 "Is the Summer-girl seated on the piazza?"
 "She is."
 "Young man ready to take his cue?"
 "All ready."
 "Good! Now turn on the moon and ring up the curtain."

EASILY ACQUIRED.

JASPER.— How did he get the reputation of being a drunkard?
 JUMPUPPE.— Once when he was out in the country he went into the village and drank a couple of glasses of whiskey.

SECURE.

JIMMY.— Let's go down to Tom Jones's house an' play.
 BOBBY.— But Mama told us to stay right here.
 JIMMY.— Oh, that's all right; her new bonnet's just come.

TOO EXPENSIVE.

"So that Venus cost ten thousand dollars?"
 "Yes."
 "Well, why did n't they put clothes on her?"
 "Because the clothes would have cost ten thousand more, I suppose."

VERY DIFFERENT.

SALESMAN.— Anything else, Madam?
 SHOPPER.— That's all. Can you please send them to 46 Fifth Avenue — South.

MY SON, be conservative. It is better to be a good dry-goods clerk than to plunge into literature; for the law compels people to wear clothes, but does not compel them to read poetry.

THE TRUE bread-fruit tree has the trunk of stability, the limbs of industry, and mighty few leaves of absence.



A RESTFUL INSTITUTION.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (to NEW SCHOLAR).— I suppose your mama is awfully glad you are now large enough to come to the Sunday-school?
 NEW SCHOLAR.— Yes, ma'am. She says she can get a couple hours rest Sunday afternoons, now.

SHARING HER BURDENS.

JAGGS.— It's a shame to make your wife work so hard. Why don't you help her?
 BAGGS.— Why, I do! I make the fire every morning.
 JAGGS.— But who carries the coal upstairs?
 BAGGS.— We use a gas stove.

IF TIME and tide would wait, even for the hustler, the world would stand still.



BLOOMBERG (with great presence of mind).— Dere vas a meeting ohf Epstein's greditors at der hodel; — hurry up, ohf you vant to put in your glaim!

NO DECEPTION.

"Did n't you promise to love, honor and obey me?"
 "Yes; but the minister has known me all my life, and he knew I did n't mean it."

CONSOLIDATION.

JESS.— After Brace and Miss Bagley marry, they are to amalgamate their fortunes.
 BESS.— On what basis?
 JESS.— About the same as Jonah and the whale did.

REASON ENOUGH.

"Why do you hate her?"
 "Because if she knew you as well as I do I am sure she would love you as much. In a word, I am jealous of her."

NATURE'S WONDERS.

SWIPES.— Say, Chimmie! I wuz out in de country yesterday.
 CHIMMIE.— Wha'd yeh see dere?
 SWIPES.— Lots o' grass what you did n't have to keep off 'n.

IT MAY be all right for the soap man to advertise: "It will all come out in the wash if you use Jinks's soap!" but when a man pays three dollars and a half for a fancy colored shirt and it comes out of the first wash white, he thinks it is about time a soap was invented that would leave some of it in.

LANGUAGE MAY conceal thought; but, just like clothing, it adorns and decorates it.

THE SCHOOL of Mines ought to turn out fine oarsmen.



VACATION.

Slowly the shadows now creep along;
Glad is the lark with its vesper song;
Homeward the deep-lowing cattle throng
Toward that quaint old farm-house red.
Far from the city's hot, stifling air;
Night's shadow shading the fields so fair —
I must ascend by that squeaky stair
And sleep on a feather bed.

Wood Levette Wilson.

A YOUNG MAN'S LETTER.

..... You ask me, my dearest Editha, to tell you truly whether I have ever loved before. All should be truth between us, and I will tell you the truth, whatever may be the consequences. It was a love of which you must be the judge, whether it may be pardoned or not. It was a love of my youth. I need not tell you that my affection for you has obliterated every trace of it from my heart.

I had had the foolish fancies of my age; but when I loved *her* I knew that my whole soul was stirred with a feeling I had never known before. Her image was enthroned in my heart; I saw her face in my dreams; day and night the thought of her never left me.

I worshiped her with a tender and humble adoration, that dared to ask for no return. That I might live and look upon her face, and be sensible of her perfection and of my utter unworthiness, was enough for me.

I knew myself too far below her to dream that she could ever be mine; but I loved her all the more for this. It would have been profanation to have thought of pressing that lovely hand, to have ever hoped to kiss those exquisite lips.

Never had I felt thus toward any other woman. High enshrined in my inmost soul, I knew that I must hold her as a being set apart from and



A GRAMMATICAL DIFFERENCE.

D'AUBER. — I would n't sell that picture for two thousand dollars.
CORAL T. — Why don't you use better grammar, D'Auber? You mean "I shall not sell that picture for two thousand dollars!"

above all lesser humanity. In silent bliss that was all but agony I loved her until my passion became too strong for my judgement, until I could maintain my reticence no longer, and at last I spoke out.

It was a beautiful day in the last of Spring, I remember. A tender haze rested on the distant hills, and a scent of flowers came in through the open windows. She sat on her low dais, busy at her noontide task, oblivious of me and of all things else. I advanced and spoke to her. I told her that I loved her. I asked her to wait until I could wed her.

How did it all end? She stood me in the corner, and that afternoon she made me copy out

"Little Boys Should Be Seen
And Not Heard"

two hundred and fifty times. The next year she taught school in another district. A cross-eyed man came to run our school; and I have not loved since until I saw you.

Please write and state if all satisfactory and O. K.

Yours ever,

EDWARD.



A WILLING TOOL.

MRS. WILCOX. — Look 'ere, Randolph! What yo' mean by bringin' dis 'ere fowl home aftah yo' dun gone jine de chu'ch?

MR. WILCOX (just returned from a nocturnal excursion). — Look 'ere, Tilly! Dat Colonel Hardnut is a mighty bad man, an' I t'ought der Lawd might wants to chastise 'im; so I just hooked dat fowl. I promised de parson dat I 'd serve de Lawd at all times, I did.

NOT A PREPOSSESSING FACE.

"Mama," said little Ethel Fosdick, after one of her early visits to the Sunday-school, "did God make everybody?"

"Yes, dearie."

"Did he make Mr. Uglymug?"

"Yes."

"I would n't have thought it of him."



IF TURNSTILES had been in general use when Horatius and his friends undertook to keep the bridge, it is probable that it would not have been necessary for him to get his armor rusty.

RACING TERMS.



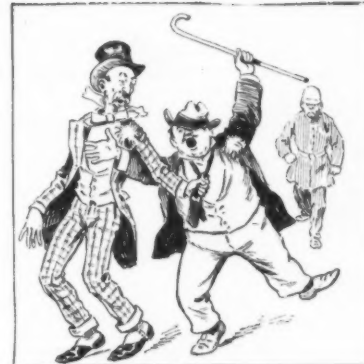
"A BAD START."



"THEY 'RE AT THE POST!"



"THEY 'RE OFF!"



"ON THE HOME-STRETCH;
—A DARK HORSE COMING UP
QUICKLY."

RESIGNATION.

MRS. HICKS.—Dick, if you don't do better than you have lately, I'm afraid you will be burned up when you die.

DICK (*blubbing*).—I could n't stand it.

MRS. HICKS.—Yes, you could.

DICK (*smiling*).—Then I don't care.

IN ALL CASES.

TEACHER.—What is the principal resource of Ireland?

BOBBY.—America.



"THE DARK HORSE LEADS."



"THE FINISH; — DARK HORSE
WINS. FAVORITES FINED."

A RURAL STRATAGEM.

The young man now may easily
Much admiration rouse;
She thinks him very brave, for he
Protects her from the cows.

BIGAMOUS INTENTIONS.

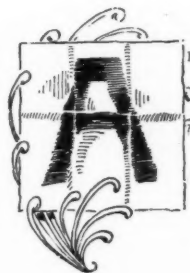
SMYTHE.—Is Brobson married?

TOMPKINS.—Yes; I believe he has thirty wives.

SMYTHE.—Thirty wives?

TOMPKINS.—About that number, I believe. At any rate, about a month ago, when I last saw him, he told me that he expected to be married every day.

AT MAIZIE'S WEDDIN'.



N' SURE the fun we had that night I never shall fergit it!
We climbed the stairs—four flight, bedad!—but no one could regrit it.

The room was lit with three big lamps; the clane bright chimneys sheddin'.

The finest light ye ever saw, to dance at Maizie's weddin'.

She worked below, at Snyder's, with the rest of us, did Maizie;
I tinted in the engine-room, a spalpeen big an' aisy—
But she was like a posie, with her pink dress frilled
an' spreadin'.

Oh, the boys was good and glad that got an askin' to
that weddin'!

There was Terry Slane from Harlem, an' McGurck the big contractor,
An' the boss's nephew, Snyder—they all knew her good charackter;
An' all the neighbors on the block was wild to get a head in
To share the feastin' and the fun we had at Maizie's weddin'.

McMulty, Dunn, an' Reagan, sure she gev them all the mitten,
But up they kem like little men, fergivin' an' fergittin';
And then the gairls that used to be that jealous—they were led in,
Polite an' smilin' as ye please, to waltz at Maizie's weddin'.

An' oh, the lucky feller that stud up to put the ring on
The purty little finger it so dearly loved to cling on!
No king or prince was half so proud, but I was nearly dead in
My swally-tail—ye see, I was the groom at Maizie's weddin'!

Madeline S. Bridges.

A GRINDING PROFESSION.

"Hullo, Bobbetter! How is literature?"

"Oh, I've given it up!"

"Indeed? Writing too laborious?"

"No. The writing was easy enough; but reading it over
afterward got to be a bore."

WHEN A man is dressed in a little brief authority, he makes
it more conspicuous than a red neck-tie.

"KIND HEARTS are more than coronets."—and have saved
the life of many a cornetist, too.

MAN IS devoted to his hobby; woman to her hubby.

RICHES HAVE wings; and they often make an angel of an ordinary
girl.

DISTINCTION ENOUGH.

"On what do they base their claims to distinction in society?"

"Why, bless you, they have the most aristocratic servants in town!"

ETERNAL VIGILANCE is the price of preventing your friends from taking
liberties.



A DARK OUTLOOK.

BUTTERFLY RUGGLES.—I see by de paper dat de financial troubles
is gittin' wuss. It 's goin' to be rough on us, pard!

MOTIONLESS MAGUIRE.—How 's dat?

BUTTERFLY RUGGLES.—Our business will jist be crowded to death.

JUSTIFICATION.



THE FOLLOWING appeared in the first column on the first page of the Daily *Whizz-Whizz* on the 10th of last month:

JAMES K. BILK'S CRIME.

SYSTEMATICALLY SEGREGATING SILKS.

A CLEVER THIEF, AND HOW HE WAS CAUGHT.

Thimble, Threads & Co. the victims. — Thousands of dollars cleverly stolen. — Description of the thief and his manner of stealing. — He seems to be a hard character as well as a slick citizen. — Known to the police.

Yesterday, about noon, a young man with a low, dark, ruffianly brow, and the air of a Judas Iscariot, was arrested at the Junction Stone Works by officers McGabb and Shaughnessy of the twenty-ninth precinct. The prisoner's name is Jas. K. Bilk, and he is charged with the theft of silks and other valuable goods to the amount of \$10 or \$12 from the large retail dry-goods house of Thimble, Threads & Co., at 119 One Hundredth Street. The firm claim that they have noticed the losses mentioned for several weeks past, and all their efforts to discover the thief heretofore have proved of no avail; but they are certain now that they have the right man. Bilk has been seen near the store several times, and, strangely enough, just about the time that the thefts occurred. Yesterday the detective employed by the firm saw Bilk, as he passed out of the store, put a handkerchief in his pocket; he was, of course, arrested and safely lodged in jail. Bilk denies his crime, and states that he can prove his innocence and good character. It is stated, however, that his grandfather stole a mule; and Bilk's general appearance gives the lie to his protestations of innocence.

There was a great deal more of this sort of thing; but I don't recollect it now. What made me think of it was the following short item at the bottom of the eighth page, among a lot of paid locals, in yesterday's *Whizz-Whizz*:

The case of Jas. K. Bilk, for the larceny of some dry-goods, and which was continued from last week, was heard before Judge O'Flaherty yesterday morning. The defendant was acquitted, there being no evidence against him.

Lester L. Farnsworth.



A POSSIBLE USE.

DR. BOLUS.—As scientific as you French are, I wonder that you have never applied your duels to medical purposes.

COUNT PARESI.—In vat way, sare?

DR. BOLUS.—Why, as a means of vaccination!



A MERE FORMALITY.

BERTIE BLAZER.—Suppose I should kiss you?

MISS SUMMERHAZE.—I'd scream.

BERTIE BLAZER.—But no one could hear you.

MISS SUMMERHAZE.—I know it.

A PROTRACTED STAY.

BELLE PASSAY.—I'm tired of being pursued for my money! I'm going to the country and pose as a poor girl, and wait for the first man who offers himself.

BLANCHE INNIT.—Well, you can stand the country in Summer well enough; but you'll find the Winters just horrid!

BUDDING INSTINCT.

The son of the forest lingered at the door of his dwelling and bid his wife good-by.

In his primeval innocence he stood as Nature garbed him, and he was not ashamed.

"My dear," suggested the partner of his joys and sorrows, "would n't you like to wear your silk tile this fine day?"

He met her glance of loving solicitude with a look of withering scorn.

"Woman," he exclaimed, feelingly; "I don't know much about civilization as yet; but there is present in my heart a realizing sense of the impropriety of wearing a high hat with a business suit!"

It was a signal victory for enlightenment as against barbarism.



YOUTHFUL GAME.

"BUTTIN', BUTTIN'! Who's GOT THE BUTTIN'?"

DEEP CALLETH TO DEEP.

"Had you a rough passage coming over?"

"Yes; the passengers wanted to be lashed to their meals."

WOOL.—Is n't it a shame for them to give the animals in the Park Irish names?

VAN PELT.—It is, indeed; they would n't do it, either, if Henry Bergh was alive.



A SICKENING DILUTION.

GOHAM (looking in on a Kentucky friend after a night out together).—It's strange that a man who has used whiskey all his life should be made so ill by it, all at once; and it was Kentucky whiskey we drank, too. How do you account for it?
COL. BIBBARS (feebly).—Some un' must have put water in it!

WHEN SISSY STARTS TO PLAY.



WHEN THERE'S sadness in the household, and there's gloom upon the street —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.
The robins and the bob-o-links, they beat a swift retreat —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner,
Even the organ-grinder passes swiftly by the gate,
His empty tin-cup in his hand, his eyes a-gleam with hate;
The neighborhood for blocks around is strangely desolate —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.

The young man in the parlor is sitting pale as death —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.
While Father thinks the house too warm and goes to get a "breath" —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.
The tom-cats jump from off the fence and fly to parts unknown,
Where they may charm the still night with music of their own,
And Towser sits and bays the moon out in the yard alone —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.

The dishes leave the pantry shelves and roll upon the floor —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.
And Grandma says she's positive a burglar's at the door —
When Sissy starts to play on the pianner.
Oh, what woe and mortal anguish upon my mind descend!
What haste and desperation all my movements do attend!
Excuse me — I must snatch my hat and go to see a friend —
Ere Sissy starts to play on the pianner.

Henry D. Muir.

A PROOF OF TRUST.

FOND MOTHER.—Willy tells me his employer is gradually taking him into his confidence.
FATHER.—Yes?
FOND MOTHER.—He says he showed him how to lock the safe yesterday.

THE CHILD who was born with a silver spoon is now beginning to look down in the mouth.

IN THESE days of "heap much talk" it is almost as refreshing as a cool drink to hear of an "Acting Mayor."

A REVERIE.

UNCLE TREETOP.—Where is this thing going to end, I wonder? I staid to home from the Fair, to spite them Sabbath breakers; and now comes them as says it's wicked to work at all on week-days, 'cause the week opens on Sunday.

AT THE GATE.

ST. PETER.—What right have you, a miserable newspaper editor, to ask admittance?

APPLICANT.—My paper never estimated the cost of a trip to the Fair.

ST. PETER (opening gate).—Enter then, and sit next to the editor of the paper that never printed "Letters from the Fair."

A SCHEMER.

NELLIE.—That was a mean trick Jack played me, all the same!

WILLY.—What was it?

NELLIE.—He proposed Christmas Eve, so that the engagement ring would do for a Christmas gift. And I could n't say "no," you know, because in that case he would n't have given me anything at all.

AMATEUR WORKMANSHIP.

WOOF.—Sir, I am a self-made man!

WARP.—Ah! first job, eh?



"THE COMING MAN."

REAL RAPID Transit would seem to require the study of a possible hypothernuse of the "L."

ANTI-SNAPPERS are the fellows who won't do the rest, although the Gang pressed the button.

CZAR.—What shall I get to-day, dearest?

CZARINA.—I want a yard of Bessemer toweling, and you might price some steel undershirts for baby. He's getting 'most big enough to assassinate.



FOREWARNED — FOREARMED.

CASEY (as he looks over the fence and sees the WIDOW BRANNIGAN beating her carpets).—Be th' Saints above, Oi'll not ask Mary Ann Brannigan to be me woife, now, to save me loife!



TO THE CONGRESS OF RELIGIONS.

ess discussions, but — call your meeting to order, endorse it, and adjourn. You'll have more time to see the Fair!

HEROIC TREATMENT.



DAWSON. — I shall die if I'm not soon relieved of these hiccoughs. Do something to frighten me.

MRS. DAWSON. — Booh! Scat! There's a snake under the chair! There's a mouse —

DAWSON (in disgust). — Oh, pshaw! That sort of thing would n't frighten a baby.



MRS. DAWSON. — Well, here's the bill from the dressmaker, for my new Fall dresses!

DAWSON (as he recovers from the shock). — Thanks, dear; they've gone!

THE STORY OF THE YOUNG MAN OF TALENT.



ONCE UPON a time there was a Young Man of Talent, whose stories were so good that the editor of the paper on which he was employed heard the Professional Humorist, who had been attached to the paper for twenty-eight years, ask the city editor, "what the deuce the old man meant by loading up the Sunday supplement with all that stuff;" and the very next night the Young Man asked if he might sign his name to his special articles in the Sunday paper. Now this was a privilege which had never been accorded to anybody who knew how to write, and the editor was afraid to make an exception in favor of the Young

Man for fear of bringing down upon his own head the wrath of the prize-fighters, skirt-dancers, prominent citizens and other wind-bags, who had always regarded signed articles as their special prerogative.

So he made answer that the signature was usually considered a badge of shame. But the Young Man persisted in his demand until the editor was forced to give way, and the following Sunday the eyes of the Professional Humorist fell upon an article which bore the signature of the Young Man of Talent, and which was sandwiched in between a graphic description of "How I Slugged McGonegal's Unknown," by Rockey McIntyre; and "The Spontaneity of Mediaeval Art," by Professor Stuffle.

A jealous, angry light gleamed in the eyes of the Professional Humorist, and he swore an awful oath to be revenged on the rival who had come into the field with a variety of humor that would inevitably put an end to his own calling — that of manufacturing "Crisp Paragraphs" — which he had pursued without interruption for more than a quarter of a century.

Now the Professional Humorist belonged to the "Association of Old-Time Funny Men," to which nobody could gain admittance who was under fifty-five years of age, or who had ever been guilty of an original piece of humor.

When one of the order wrote a crisp paragraph about a door being not a door when it happened to be ajar, it would become the duty of some fellow-member to quote it with the prefix: "Billy Jaggs of the *Blankburgh Banner* says —" and add some refined pleasantry of this sort: "Billy's mouth is usually ajar when the whiskey-jug goes round. How is that for high, Jaggsy, old boy?" And then the crisp paragraph would be "passed along" after the fashion prevalent in the old days when American humor was struggling for popular recognition.

So the Professional Humorist communicated with his fellow funny men, and told them that unless concerted measures were taken, the old-fashioned crisp paragraphs would be relegated to the same obscurity as other features of *ante bellum* journalism; and, the funny men becoming alarmed, a general convention of the Order was promptly called, and as quickly assembled.

At this gathering of the comic writers, various means whereby the Young Man of Talent should be destroyed were discussed.

"It would be better," said a hoary and solemn humorist, whose calling was indicated by a cane made in imitation of a length of stove-pipe, with a handle of goat's horn, "much better, I think, if we were to prevail upon him to enter Society as a literary celebrity, and make a practice of attending kettle-drums and receptions, where he will be encouraged by women to talk about his literary methods, and where he will be tempted to partake of the tea and cake and weak punch, which have ruined so many brilliant careers. If, in addition to that, we can arrange with the society reporters to publish his name 'among the well-known literary and artistic people present' as often as possible, his descent will be swift and sure."

"There is one thing necessary to make that combination invincible," said a paragrapher whose sound logic and conservatism had long since gained for him the name of "The Sage of Schoharie." "We must call the attention of somebody like Mr. Aldrich or Mr. Howells to his work, and induce him to express a favorable opinion of it. If Mr. Aldrich would only say that he has a 'dainty style,' or if Mr. Howells would praise him for his 'subtle delineation of character,' his book, which is coming out in a few weeks, would fall flat on the market. Then, if he showed any signs of life after that, Edmund Gosse might administer the *coup de grâce* with a favorable review in some English fortnightly."

These measures having received the endorsement of every member of the Union, it was resolved that they should be promptly carried through; but before the meeting adjourned the Professional Humorist arose and begged to be allowed to say a few words.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that the course we have decided upon will result in driving this new-comer from the field of letters; but, if it does not, I have a plan in my head which has never failed yet. It has already, within my own memory, driven several of our most promising writers to the Potter's Field, and if desperate measures become necessary we will try it, but only as a last resort."

A year rolled by, and again the members of the Union assembled for their annual convention.

As they passed through Fourteenth Street on their way to the hall of meeting, a sad-eyed, despondent figure stood on the sidewalk and endeavored to sell them lead-pencils at their own price. A smile of triumph lit up the face of the Professional Humorist as he directed the attention of his fellow-members to the mournful, ill-clad wretch on the curb stone. "I told you my scheme would work," he said.

It was even so. Neither the kettle-drums nor the commendations of the wisecracks of literature had had any effect on the Young Man of Talent, who had gone steadily on with his work, unspoiled by feminine flattery and heedless of the praise or commendations of the critics.

It was only when these attempts upon his reputation and popularity had failed that the Professional Humorist threw himself into the breach with a paragraph — which was given instant and wide publicity by the rest of the Association — stating that the gifted young writer was *the Dickens of America*.

And then the Young Man of Talent tottered to his fall.

James L. Ford.

A SAVING DEVICE.



OFFICE BOY (out of breath).—Say, dere 's a felly comin' up der stairs wid a snake whip.
EDITOR.—Well, show him right into this room.



"Yes; der Editor 's in. He 's engaged; but I guess he 'll see yer."

SELF-PRESERVATION.

BARTENDER (*World's Fair Café*).—Hi! Wot yer hidin' the free lunch fer?

PROPRIETOR.—I know me bizness! See? To-day 's Poets' Day at the Fair.

NO ROOM FOR AGNOSTICISM.

"Do you believe in dreams?"
"Why, of course! I've often had them myself."

SIGNS OF HISTRIONIC GENIUS.

PARKER.—That boy will certainly take to the stage.

NEWTON.—Why do you think so?

PARKER.—He is so stuck on himself.

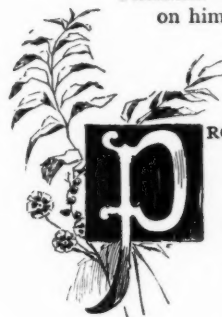


"Dere he is."
IRATE MAN.—I—er—er—'ll not interrupt him to-day. I'll call again!



THE EDITOR (mopping his perspiring brow).—I tell you, this wax figure we took from that show for ad's, came in handy sooner than I thought.

TO AN ARISTOCRAT.



PROUD OF your birth? That butterfly
Which useless flits across your view,
Though on the morrow it may die,
Has far more cause for pride than you;
For, ere its present self were born,
It was an humble worm, and toiled;
The basis of your boast you scorn;
Your hands by labor ne'er were soiled.
I deem the insect nobler far;
Its pride one may with reason scan.
Your parents made you what you are—
The butterfly 's a self-made man!

Roe L. Hendrick.

JASPER.—Do the trains on Southern railways always go on time?

BEENTHAR.—Yes; on a sort of promissory note time—"thirty days after date."

LUCY PEASTRAW.—Tom Lanky is an awful dude.

MILLIE OATCAKE.—Aint he, though! he uses scented hair-oil now.

JASPER.—Trouble is what develops strength in a man.

JUMPUPPE.—Yes, indeed. A man can become a thorough philosopher by watching the miseries of others.

IF A PIG could be changed into a man he would be called an egoist.

RICH PEOPLE have more relatives than poor people ever hear of.

PINCKNEY (*bitterly*).—Our marriage was purely a commercial transaction. You bought my name with your fortune, as you would buy cloth at a store.

MRS. PINCKNEY (*more bitterly*).—Except that I neglected to get my change.

A NEW GRIEVANCE.

The Governor of North Carolina may now be moved to expostulate with the Governor of South Carolina about the long distance between State Dispensaries.



ON THE OTHER SIDE.

MRS. HENRY PECK (*looking up from her paper*).—Ah! well, poor Hyson is rid of his trouble and misery, at last.

MR. HENRY PECK (*in astonishment*).—Why, I did n't know his wife was sick! When did she die?

MOCKERY.

If we "at first do not succeed,"
We're told, "try, try again;"
But unto me a broken reed
The sage support has been;
For at the race-tracks, far and wide,
My losses back to get,
For twenty years I've tried and tried,
And not succeeded yet!

John Ludlow.

WAR CORRESPONDENCE.

DUKE OF BAREACRES.—Have you heard the news?

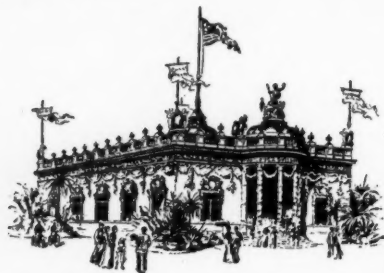
MISS WHIRLSFAIR.—What news?

"Our engagement is reported."

"Really? Who do they say gets the best of it?"

"TOO MANY cooks spoil the broth" of a policeman on that beat.

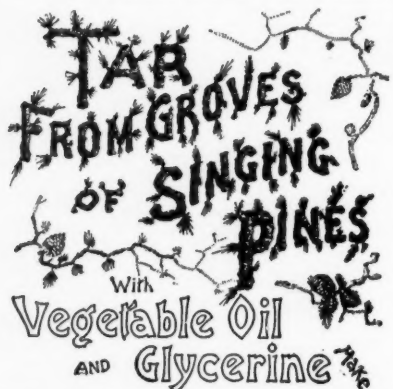
Visitors to Chicago should not fail to call at the



PUCK BUILDING,

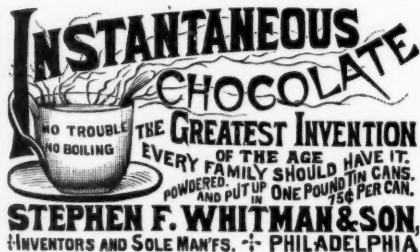
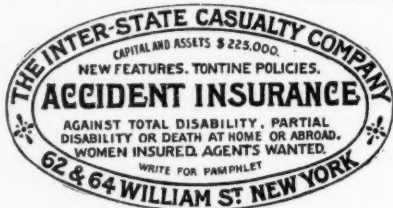
World's Fair Grounds,

Have your MAIL sent there.
Write your LETTERS there.
Meet your FRIENDS there.
In fact, MAKE IT YOUR HEADQUARTERS during your stay at the Fair.
The Puck Building is located midway between the Woman's Building and the Horticultural Hall, and is but a minute's walk from the 60th Street entrance to the Fair Grounds.



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Pictures and Verses by F. B. OPPER.

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AND "BREAK AWAY."

MR. ALBION.—What marriage system do you have in Chicago?
MR. LAKER.—Catch-as-catch-can.—*World's Fair Puck.*

ONE of the quickest ways of improving the memory is to assume for a moment that you've got everything you want.—*World's Fair Puck.*

WOMAN is n't a war veteran, but the biggest part of the sleeves she shows are empty.—*World's Fair Puck.*

"THE hand that rocks the cradle" is often imported, and gets three dollars a week "and found."—*World's Fair Puck.*

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whose record for two years has been the wonder and admiration of the world of travel.

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For a copy of the "Luxury of Modern Railway Travel" send two 2-cent stamps to GEORGE H. DANIELS, General Passenger Agent, Grand Central Station, New York.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.—I.



MISS BEACH (at the Dahomey Village).—Oh, Mother! come, let's get out of this! Their lack of costume is too shockingly immodest for anything.

If your complaint is want of appetite, try half wine glass of Angostura Bitters before meals. Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons, sole manufacturers. At all druggists.

Champagne as a restorer has no equal. Cook's Extra Dry Imperial is pure, delicious and sparkling.

THE WRONG PLACE.

"I'd like some fish for dinner," said a guest at one of the World's Fair restaurants.

"There's none on the bill of fare," replied the waiter.

"Then I guess I'll go to the Fisheries Building for my luncheon."—*World's Fair Puck.*



The World's Fair in a Shuffle.
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"GO IT."



Whirled by day and night through stretches of miles on miles, through extremes of temperature, changes of diet and water, sleepless and weary and stifled in the super-heated atmosphere of cars, Mr. Gripsack is at last broken down. What must he do? Has he not heard of

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Watch him open his satchel. It is there. He is up with the times, always. It is just the thing he wants. It is a prompt and potent relief for all his ailments. It is not an opiate nor does it contain Anti-Pyrine. It is a nerve food and regulator of the system for

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BARLOW. — Mullins, how much will it cost to see the Columbian Fair?

MULLINS. — How much have you got?

BARLOW. — One hundred and fifty dollars.

MULLINS. — It will cost you one hundred and fifty dollars. — *World's Fair Puck.*

MODERN PROGRESS.

MRS. KIDDER (*in the Egyptian Temple*). — What's them things?

ATTENDANT. — Those are Egyptian paintings, three thousand years old, representing the worship of Osiris.

MRS. KIDDER. — Humph! My little Johnny, not ten yet, kin draw better picters then them. — *World's Fair Puck.*

HEAVY ORDNANCE.

"This Krupp gun is the largest cannon in the world," said the Guide to the Exposition visitor.

"But I suppose the Ferris wheel is the largest revolver," replied the sight-seer. — *World's Fair Puck.*

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America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR.

For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.

DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.—II.



MISS BEACH (*at Newport, later in the season*). — Yes; we were at the Fair, and liked it all but some parts of the "Midway." The Dahomey Village was something outrageous. — *World's Fair Puck.*

No. 1 TROKONET NOW READY.

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If any product of American genius is occupying that position to-day it is —

(See top of column.)



"Spec' 'Londonderry and Claret' will w'ar de wool all off the niggah's head!" 917

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Puck B'd'g, New York.

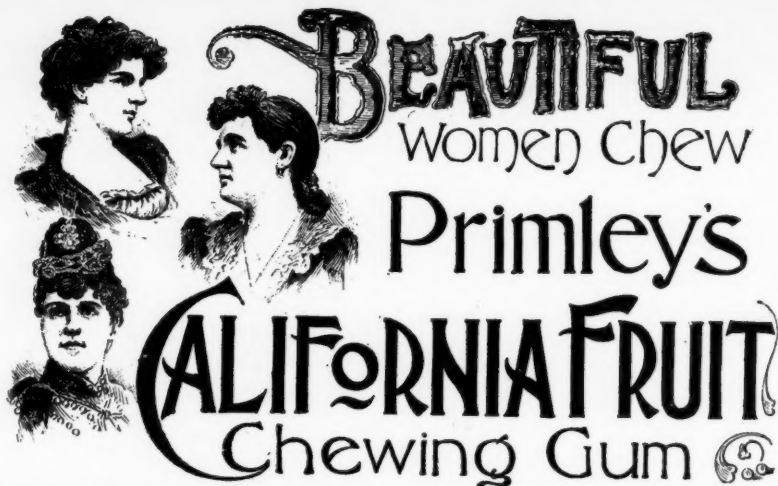
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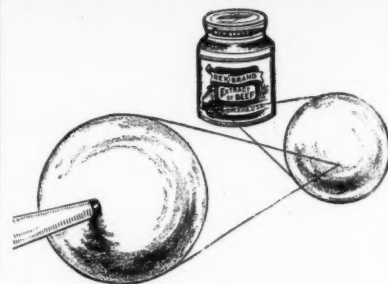
IN A SMALL COMPASS.

LANDLORD. — I can put you a cot in this space to-night.
PROSPECTIVE GUEST. — But can't I have one of these folding beds?
LANDLORD. — Good gracious! No. They are all occupied now. We shut them up at night, as it gives us more room. Rather close for the man in the bed, but one has to put up with something when he comes to the Fair. — *World's Fair Puck*.

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Cash or time. Agents wanted

"THIS," remarked the Turkish-bath attendant, as he ducked Uncle Haysede under for the third time, "is what one might call scouring the country for cash."
—*World's Fair Puck.*

A SHOOTING STAR — Buffalo Bill. — *World's Fair Puck.*

HITS THE BULL'S EYE — A Red Rag. — *World's Fair Puck.*



WHERE THEY CAME FROM.

BARCLAY BOWERS (looking at exhibit of Dead Letter Office.
— I wonder who could have sent those dead snakes through
the mail?

RUSSET TYSE. — Some fellah from the Keeley Institute, I
suppose, to let his friends know he was cured.

— *World's Fair Puck.*

A Cultivated Taste
would naturally lead a person possessing it to
prefer the best things obtainable and guard
against imperfections. The Gail Borden Eagle
Brand Condensed Milk is unequalled in quality,
as a trial will prove. Grocers and Druggists.

UNSOUGHT OFFICE.
When to his clerk the boss remarks,
"Good-morning, Charles; you can
Go out and scour the brass;" 't is then
The office seeks the man.
— *World's Fair Puck.*

Now that the Building and Loan Associations
make it possible to secure a Home by monthly
payments which are about equal to rent, the
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